GUNNING ON THE RONDEAU IN WESTERN ONTARIO. vies of Quall in the Old Days -- Diplomacy With the Farmers—Sport With Clouds of Snipe—Great Killing Among Wild Ducks—Rain of Birds.

INREIM, Canada, Dec. 24.-Time was d shooting as could be found any-Canada, but that was before were shot wholesale by the oted by the variety of sport

alet of Lake Erie about five miles and two broad, with the joining where the waters of the lake ennot more than a hundred vards in so that the French settlers who gave of things as the basin is a veritable d water." Filled with a growth of and rice it affords the best feeding r miles around, and nature could to within a few years there were

ail to be had, but these have been to not more than a dozen bevies for a few days each year and times guard their secret closely d old times when Will Hall and ePherson could show you a owl any forenoon and not tire snipe, if you wanted to hunt that twister there were always of them along the marshy bot-T the Eau to make it interesting. inters of this part of the counver could conceive why any man ant to plough through muck and when a vigorous tramp in the brisk autumn air was so much un, and so the snipe were left for ighted Yankees whose taste

dered up to the mark. et of the quail shooting ten years on unposted land, but not ken or whose cattle had beer ed by careless or excitable gunner fit to put up trespass notices and it farms that birds est plentiful. It was a lesson in av to see the old time sportsman the grouchy farmers. leaving the hotel in the morning

bottle of whiskey was invariably d in the back of the shooting coat whenever the dogs followed the upon posted land it was remarkpoor the sight of the gunner When the covey rose and the ke the farmer or one of his sons ly came on the run from the farm parn, shouting as he came:

would be produce d to the farmer, who had already to yield to the blandishments of rest was invariably easy, and the thoroughly alarmed bird but sufficient were left shandoning whatever

Jim's got the rheumatism and he can't run. The method of pursuing the ducks at the Eau is perhaps unlike that of almost any other ducking shore in the country. There are a few who shoot from blinds or points, but the favorite method and the most in vogue, especially with the professional who hunts for the market, is to take his tiny punt and come down upon the immense flocks as they feed or rest tranquilly in the sheltered basin undisturbed by the storm which may be raging upon the shallow bosom may be raging of Lake Erie.

These gunners work in pairs as a gen-ral thing, separating as they approach he ducks in the hope that the flock ill fly between the guns. It is thus tha the ducks in the hope that the flock will fly between the guns. It is thus that the best bags are made.

It is forbidden to hunt them with a power or sail boat, but some of the clever hunters who never waste a shell have formed a habit of lying prostrate in the bottom of the punt, their heads shielded by their coats. These men are marvel-lously expert in the manipulation of the short paddle employed to propel the craft, and while in a recumbent position they can move down upon a flock of redheads or canvasbacks, two of the most wary of the duck family, and in this manner splendid bags have been made.

Will Hartford, who is probably the best known of the professionals in this vicinity, is a master at his calling. Let him tell of a famous kill he made two days before ('hristmas lest year:

"It was getting lete and I had about

bim tell of a famous kill he made two days before ('hristmas last year:

"It was getting late and I had about made up my mind to quit-for the season," said Hartford, "when I saw two of the biggest bunches of ducks that I'd ever run across on the Eau, and I've been shooting there since I was so high," indicating his waist line.
"I loaded my old pumper," he continued. "with double B's and I sculled up, with my head covered, all but a peep hole for one eye. There were tens of thousands of ducks in two distinct flocks, redheads in one and canvasbacks in the other. They separated a little, but didn't seem to pay much attention to me till I was about 75 yards away.

"Then they rose. I thought that the canvasbacks, which were on my right, were furthest away and so I plunked one load into them, and without looking for the result turned and let the other five loads go into the redheads. I cut a hole through that the tense the stell through the the tense the stell through the through the stell through the through the stell through the stellar through the result turned and let the other five loads go into the redheads. I cut a hole through the flock every shot, but they were like soldiers, they filled it up and it fairly rained ducks.

"I picked up twenty-six ducks stone dead and bagged six cripples. That first shot at the canvasbacks yielded six birds and I must have been closer than I thought when I fired."

"Market gunners do not shoot the snipe, as they have no market for them, it being against the game laws of the province

birds are 'in.' word is sent to a few who birds are 'in,' word is sent to a few who like to shoot this gamest of game birds, and a journey from New York is not considered too much when the pleasure in return is considered.

The man from Middlesex had never shot snipe but had promised the New Yorker for years that he would try it some day, and one bright morning in September without waiting to learn the state of the grounds they left London on an early morning train and after a visit with their former shooting com-

state of the grounds they left London on an early morning train and after a visit with their former shooting companion in this town drove to the Eau. After luncheon-a tramp over the grounds where birds were usually found revealed the earth baked and cracked with a six weeks drought, but on the very edge of the water a few birds were found and half a dozen were bagged.

The next morning it was determined to visit a cattle pasture which covered Hey, there. Get off this land."

If the bagging the birds which had in killed and speaking a word of caution the dogs who might still have a point is honeyed tongue of Hall would be illimbered and surprise would be excessed at the fact that he and his friends at really passed a "keep off" sign that as the most prominent thing on the indecape.

"Just look at that dog," would be the sixt stage in the conversation and this rould be followed by the opinion that would be followed by the opinion that would be followed by the opinion that which he shot that day, but he had never which he shot that day, but he had never seen so many birds in one field before.

by the but sufficient were left to all lent bag. Forty doad birds up while probably a score the almost betterpless core

The party has find the content of th

ELLIS THE SLAYER OF 30,000 GROUSE AND WOODCOCK.

One of the Last of a Line of Adiron Gunners-Never Hunted Deer, Only Birds and Trout-His Heart Broken at Last by Game Laws, He Says CORINTH, N. Y., Dec. 25.-David Ellis one of the best known hunters in the sful fishermen, but he is "Worn on his back now, sick unto death. out," the doctor says; Ellis says the game Ellis belongs to the old market hunter class and is one of the last of a famous line of men-the men who made a busiess of supplying the New York and Saratoga markets with ruffed grouse (partridge) and woodcock. As to eating birds, he would never have any of that. He began by selling grouse at \$1 a pair, and in late years he received as much as \$2 a pair, and on special occasions he got even a larger price. Consequently the got even a larger price. Consequently it seemed like sheer waste and extravagance to eat such birds when one could purchase chickens for not more than a quarter, "and chickens are lots better eating, anyhow," he used to say.

Ellis was 10 when he began hunting. That was sixty years ago. His father was but he found early where the birds were growing up. That was sixty years ago. His father was an old canaler who made money, and nally became the owner of a number of canalboats and property estimated at \$100,000. They tell of him that he paid \$50 one election day for a train to take

gradually disappeared and when died he left his sen a house to live in and a love of the sporting life. The boy had a good hunted and fished for fun; be now hunted off the for fun and money too.
"He was a regular old horse wo or three years ago," it is said of him. What he had to do he did like a steam engine. It was up before day and to bed at midnight and up again in the morning with him when a flight of woodwas on or the patridge hunting was

him to Saratoga in time to vote, for he

was a good patriot and a rather shrewd politician too. The old man's property

cock was on or the patridge hunting was good on the hills."

Lest he waste any time, he fished for trout too. He would never hunt in a storm, but if the birds were to be had he would hunt right up to the beginning of the storm, and then if it was a trout day he would turn from hunting to fishing. Should the weather clear up and the fish stop biting he would go back to hunting again. He tells of starting out with gun and pocket fish rod many a time.

Once he started hunting and about to clock a shower came along. That made good fishing, and for nearly two hours he fished. Then it cleared up and he could hear the partridges flying down from the shelter of hemlocks, so he folded up his rod and took the gun from the hollow tree and hunted. Another shower came along and he hid the gun and fished. So it went on all day. He hunted five times and fished four times that day, and when night came he had five pairs winds were to be had he the would never to be had he their under this season that the point of their breast bones is gristle and their under bills will not support the weight of the bird without breaking. There was market for old toms and old hens in those days. This may account for the fact that old birds were not killed, except by accident.

The bag would run from five to twenty birds a day, and for weeks the hunter would be bringing in all the focilish young birds. They are tender at this season that the point of their breast bones is gristle and their under bills will not support the weight of the bird without breaking. There was on market for old toms and old hens in those days. This may account for the fact that old birds were not killed, except by accident.

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The bag would run from times and fished four times that day, and when night came he had five pairs of grouse, three pairs of woodcock and seven pounds of trout. "That's what I call good sport," he said. like I want to fish with one hand and shoot

with the other. I want to see a bird fly up with one eye and snap a trout as he rises to a fly under the other eye. That's the way to enjoy life! Shooting something and catching something all day long! In his prime Dave Ellis stood 6 feet tall. weighed 200 pounds and was as soft

happened to be engaged upon and instituted the pair, was dead about in the mire generally upon showing his newly made. The New Yorker, the heavyweight of friends where other bevies were in the bair, wasted about in the mire generally upon showing his newly made. The New Yorker, the heavyweight of friends where other bevies were in the bair, wasted about in the mire generally upon showing his newly made to go of the field.

The New Yorker the heavyweight of the pair, wasted about in the mire generally upon the pair, wasted about in the mire generally upon the pair, wasted about in the mire generally upon the pair, wasted about in the mire generally upon the pair, wasted about in the mire generally upon the pair, wasted about in the mire generally upon the pair, wasted about in the mire generally upon the pair, wasted about in the mire generally upon the pair, wasted about in the mire generally upon the pair, wasted about in the mire generally upon the pair, wasted about in the mire generally upon the pair, wasted about in the mire generally upon the pair, wasted about in the mire generally upon the pair, wasted about in the mire generally upon the pair, wasted about in the mire generally upon the wast and selected the high-lands of the pair, wasted about in the mire generally upon the wast and selected the high-lands of the wast that hooter the New Yorker, who was fifty yards. He will don't the weight of the pair, wasted about in the mire generally upon the wasted about in the mire generally upon the wasted about in the mire generally upon the wasted and wasted the high-lands of the wasted and the pair, wasted about in the mire generally upon the wasted and wasted the high-lands of the wasted and the pair, wasted about in the rock, it was in the pair, wasted about in the pair, wasted about in the rock, it was the will the pair the pair wasted around as applus of the pair wasted around as the pair wasted around as applus of the pair wasted around aspelling the pair wasted around as applus of the pair wasted aroun

a fair estimate of his ability when in his prime.

His largest bag of birds made in a day and a half was fifty-two pairs. He was hunting with his cousin, and the average was fifty-two birds to each guns. Ellis killed about eighty of the birds. This was in Schroon River bottoms, a few miles above this village.

The hunters happened to strike into a flight of woodcock while fishing and they stopped catching trout to hunt. The hunt netted something near \$150 for the two. But red letter days played small those experiments were practically wasted "Not at all," said Mr. Edison, "I now know \$,000 things not to do."

art in the experience of the old marke hunter.

The deadliness of his work was in its week in and week out efficiency. Even in November and December he would average about twenty-five birds a week. Often he would kill from twenty to thirty birds a week, no more and no less. They represented the all day hunting of a man who made it his business to shoot birds.

Grouse were about so thick, anyhow, and so much ground had to be traversed in order to find the number he needed for the day's work. One day it would be around Antony Mountain, the next toward Hunt's Lake. Then he would strike along the ridge toward South Corinth and across the "" on the cak ridges. He dragged and swept the country and picked off the birds whose habits he knew from long study. Never could he quite overcome the sudden surprise when some bird slipped from among his shot unscathed.

"I trained my dogs when they pointed to stand just long enough to let me know, and then to drive right in and put the birds up." he says. "You had to do that, for if you didn't these birds around here would study out a place to fly up and get away behind something.

"I had a bird get away behind a sapling three inches through. They'll even keep a leaf fluttering before a man so he can't see which is the trid and which the leaf."

It was when the birds were young, when the grouse of a few weeks growth deadliness of his work was wo Bears Also Killed by This Per vania Young Woman-Huster Who Shot at White Deer-Last Wolf Killed

Creek country in Potter county is one of Pennsylvania's greatest bear and deer hunting regions, and Miss Clara Stiffel, nunting regions, and Miss Clara Sunel, and he ce aged 20, was this season the most daring ness by go and successful of its hunters.

Miss Stiffel lives near New Bergen, one of the settlements that followed the unsuccessful attempt of Ole Full, the vioinist, to establish a colony of his fellow pioneer fanatics of that region and has comed through the woods with a gun nce she was 10. She uses a rifle exclusively, whether hunting grouse or bear. She has the record of shooting a ruffed grouse's head

but he found early where the birds were growing up.

He knew the nests, he saw the broken eggs, he kept watch of the little chicks, and gloated over the strenghtening wing feathers and flights of increasing length. He would know where a hundred broods were marked down. He would pause in his troot flahing to take a look in on some strawberry fleld to make sure that some favorite old hen was prospering with her young.

As soon as the birds could get up with a good little roar he would begin to pick off the largest ones for market. Then, if seer, the birds are good eating. The flavor of wintergreen, strawberry, black-berry, raspberry and unnumbered other delicate woods fruit and seeds is in their tender, white breasts. Ellis will men-

up to Winslow's own country and fished to his heart's content.

Winslow heard about it and raced to catch the old man, but Ellis caught a train and it was never known whether his trout were all 6 inches long or not. Ellis laughed at the protectors; even talked a little about it.

laughed at the protectors; even talked a little about it.

Last Summer Protector Scott slipped out the brush one day and Ellis fled up the far bank of the creek. Scott raced across and overtook the old market hunter and fisherman. The trout in the basket were of legal size, but in a pocket were six less than six inches long.

"If I'm fined I can't eat butter on my bread next winter." Ellis pleaded.

"I'm sorry, but I can't help it if you don't have any bread." Scott said. weighed 200 pounds and was as soft footed as a fox. No ordinary man could follow him through the woods all day long. Neither swamp nor valley, ridge nor rocks nor mountain top daunted him.

He would wade through alderbeds till near sundown, and then when his instance told him the birds were in the uplands he would rush to a mountain top lands he would rush to a mountain top

ground spruce and watch where they lodged a hundred feet down the rocky cliff.

It was kill, kill, with him. But there was method in his killing. He would not kill old birds, because they were better breeders than young and inexperienced birds. An old pair would know how to care for a brood, and would always bring up a greater proportion of young birds than an inexperienced pair.

So the old partridges were spared. They might fly up before his dog and he would watch them fly, calculating that young ones. He knew the fallacy in the adage "A bird in hand is worth two in the bush."

Moreover any enemy of the birds that came in sight was shot forthwith. Foxes, crows, mink, ermines, coons, skunks, hawks, owls and all the other nest robbers were shot down whenever he saw them in range of his gun. He figured that the fall of the saw the market come, and he saw it in its prime, and now the saw them in range of his gun. He figured that the game protectors are closing in on it he is dying of a broken heart.

JEWS AND MIXED MARRIAGES. Rabbis Oppose-But What About an Extra 150,000 Jewish Men? The Jewish rabbis who participated in

the recent Jewish conference in this city had a good deal to say on the subject of mixed marriages. To the Jew a "mixed marriage" means a union between a Jew and a "non-Jew." Apparently without exception the rabbis oppose such marriages; but the American Hebrew, while not advocating the mixed Hebrew, while not advocating the mixed marriage, presents some interesting facts which have a bearing on the question.

"Between 1884 and 1905," says this authority, "342,000 Jewish men arrived in this country, as compared with 220,000 Jewish women, an excess of 120,000 men over women. The same proportion has doubtless prevailed in the immigration of the last four years, so that it is almost certain that there is an excess of 150,000 men in the Jewish population of the United States.

men in the Jewish population of the United States.

"Whom are these to marry? That is a practical aspect of the problem of intermarriage which will press itself more and more on attention as time goes on. There are several obvious conclusions to be drawn from this somewhat startling fact. Jewish girls ought to find little trouble in obtaining suitable spouses; they can pick and choose. If the excess of men is not to be lost to Judaism steps must be taken before long to render systematic the proselytizing of their wives and their training in the Jewish law and custom."

9,000 Things Edison Won't Do. From the Bookkeeper.

Mr. Edison is still busy with his new storage battery which he claims will solve the traction question. In his ex-periments with these batteries Mr. Edison has had men at work for years with a patience unparalleled.

More than half a ton of reports on ex-More than half a ton of reports on ex-periments with batteries have been made. Two of his best men had to give up the work because of its unending monotony to save themselves from a nervous break-

MISS STIFFEL ADDS TO HER LAURELS AS A HUNTER.

Again-Strange Animals Reported. HARRISBURG, Pa., Dec. 25.-The Kettle

ff at fifty yards. This season she added two big bears and a buck to her score. One of the bears she brought down with her rifle at 200 yards This bear the girl hunter had followed more than ten miles through the dense roods and thickets before she got a shot at it. That one shot brought the

chase to an end.

The other bear that Miss Stiffel bagged she shot as it was hurrying to get out of danger into the thick cover of a laurel patch. A shambling bear travels fast and, big as it is, is not an easy mark. This one was stopped by a bullet from the girl's rifle at the first shot and fell dead on the edge of the thicket. It was a long and difficult shot, and the bear had run the gantlet of the guns of three of the Kettle Creek country's famed hunters without being hit by any of them.

The buck that fell before Miss Stiffel's iffe gave her a fight that might have seen fatal to her but for a timely incident hat gave her a moment's truce in the truggle. This girl hunter scorns to take the easy and monotonous part in a deer int of standing on a runway waiting r the deer to be driven there to be out. She insists on being a driver in hunt, where she can exercise her il against the tactics of the secondary of the condition, and in other in splendid condition. skill against the tactics of the quarry, notwithstanding that deer driving without dogs is a strenuous and dangerou sk, particularly if the trail leads thoough iense swamps and laurel thickets.

While following a trail such as that one

day this season, a brother of hers being on the open ridge runway, a crashing in the brush off to her right attracted Miss Stiffel's attention. Two big does came dashing out of the thicket and went bounding away, although safe from the girl's rifle through the law's protection. Almost immediately following the ap-pearance of the does a four prong buck pushed his way out from a thick clump of saplings in the wake of the does. Miss Stiffel saw at a glance from the way he moved that the buck had been wounded in one of the hind legs by the shot of some hunter. She fired quickly. The buck staggered but recovered and prang forward, passing out of sight behind the top of a fallen hemlock. The girl hunter made her way through fallen tree top, which was brushy and thick. The buck was nowhere to be seen. The girl climbed to the treetop and, resting her rifle against one of the limbs so the animal rose from the cover of the The commotion the wound

made among the branches as he rose and tried to escape shook Miss Stiffel to one side as she reached quickly for her gun, and it also knocked the gun to the ground beyond her reach. The buck, wounded so badly that he could not use

extinct in the State that have been kill A silver gray for and a black for whiled by deer benters in Elk coun An Indian of the Cornplanter reservat killed a very large Canada or bay ly and wounded its mate, which escap These two animals were chasing a fa when shot, and had almost run it down "Joseph Part, who had some mink truste in Flag Swamp on the border of Canron and Elk counties, didn't know with the bewhiskered, tierce looking beatwice as his as a mink, was that he fou

an otter in spiencid condition, and netted him \$20.

"Flag Swamp and the waters about were at one time a fruitful field for otter trappers, but no one of this generation remembers when there was ever also of an otter there. This one captured be a considered to the first reminder for more than thirty years that there ever have been otter there or anywhere else in the state. It was at Flag Swamp that the last wild elk in Pennsylvania was killed.

"Beavers have come back to Wayn county after an absence of more that three-quarters of a century and colonis of them are working industriously alon Equinunk Creek and its branches.

The last wolf has been killed in Pennsylvania so many times and in so many different places that people had doub as to whether there ever was a last we in Pennsylvania to be killed. It had been so long since the last time it was reported. sylvania so many times and in so many different places that people had doubts as to whether there ever was a last wolf in Pennsylvania to be killed. It had been so long since the last time it was reported that the last wolf had been killed though that people were thinking that perhaps there was a last wolf some time and that it was really dead. Therefore when Farmer Gallup of lower McKean county one day this fall saw a big dog attacking the sheep in their pasture, not far from his house, and took down his gun and hurried to the field to kill it he had no idea that the last wolf was going to be killed again instead of a dog.

The farmer got close enough to put a load of buckshot in the animal and killed it on the spot. Then he discovered that it was a big wolf and a very old one. He took it to town and the killing of the last Pennsylvania wolf is now bulletined

Pennsylvania woll is how again.
Old hunters say though that it is an entirely different looking wolf from the kind that used to prowl in Potter, McKean and adjacent counties, and they give it as their belief that this one is one of a pack of Canada wolves that strayed across the ice on Lake Erie a few winters ago and found their way down into the McKean woods. So it may not have been the last Pennsylvania wolf after all.

MAINE WOODS AMBULANCE

SICK LOGGERS PROUGHT OUT IN MOLASSES HOGSHEADS

Drive of Two Nights and a Day to Get

a Patient to a Doctor—Trips Over Snow and Ice From the Lumber Camp to the Railroad Station BANGOR, Me., Dec. 25 .- When a man becomes seriously ill in a Maine luster, mamp, which may be from fifty to 100 miles away from the nearest raises, station, the problem of getting him out so that he may receive medical treatment

a difficult to solve. Owing to the crowded co camps it is out of the question to allow the patient to remain. The rough roads, the length of the trip and the exposure during the journey make the moving very hazardous under favoring condiions; but in urgent cases of and fevers the removal b In the course of years the resource?

woodsmen have developed what they term a camp ambulance. In the fal In the fall nd early winter, when the grain for feeding horses is brought in by the tote teams, much of it comes headed up in molasses hogsheads. whenever high to

Whenever high temperature and ex treme exhaustion indicate that a woods men has been stricken with po one of these empty hogshe firmly on the frame of a sled and made to face away from the prevailing wind. Then, when the inside has been uphol-stered with straw and warm blankets, the patient is brought out and placed in the hogshead, and when heated stones have been piled up on both sides the teamster urges his horse into a sharp trot and is

away on his race to a doctor's office.

The passing of one of these primitive ambulances through the frozen and silent up and down hill at its top speed. A every camp on the route a brief stop i made to exchange the tired horse for fresh animal. Then, with a cup of hot cof

fresh animal. Then, with a cup of hot coffee for the teamster and a pocketful of doughnuts to est on the way, the conveyance is off again, lurching and gliding through the woods and across silent lakes, with no companions save the biting winds and blinding sunlight of day and the starlight of the long nights.

At times two nights and a day, or two days and a night, are passed thus in the open, and though the danger of death is always great, and though a certain percentage of the sufferers die on the passage, as a rule the bracing air of the woods and the constant interest taken in the sufferer stimulate him to hold out until he can reach a railroad station, whence he is whirled away to the nearest hospital by train.

NO MIXUP THIS TIME. 'Well,' my wife was saying to me qu

any mistake this year."
"She had just been mailing a lot of Christmas cards." Mr. Simmeringbee continued, "and what she was trying to tell me was that this year she hadn't got them mixed up.

"Two years ago we received a lot o lovely cards which, naturally, Mrs

I am glad you ther wrote: 'Dear singular that you should have happene to buy this year to send to me a card ju

all modes among the bereadon as he cross to come date as the reaction (see the context of the co